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WHERE SHALL I FIND THEE?

BY JEHUDAH HALEVI. 1086.

O LORD, where shall I find thee?
All-hidden and exalted is thy place;
And where shall I not find thee?
Full of thy glory is the infinite space.

Found near-abiding ever,
He made the earth's ends, set their utmost bar;
Unto the nigh a refuge,
Yea, and a trust to them who wait afar.
Thou sittest throned between the cherubim,
Thou dweltest high above the cloud-rack dim.
Praised by thine hosts and yet beyond their praises
For ever far exalt;
The endless whirl of worlds cannot contain thee,
How then one heaven's vault?

And thou, withal uplifted
O'er man, upon a mighty throne apart,
Art yet for ever near him,
Breath of his spirit, life-blood of his heart.
His own mouth speaketh testimony true
That thou his Maker art alone; for who
Shall say he hath not seen thee? Lo! the heavens
And all their host aflame
With glory, show thy fear in speech unuttered,
With silent voice proclaim.

Longing I sought thy presence,
Lord, with my whole heart did I call and pray,
 And going out toward thee,
I found thee coming to me on the way ;
 Yea, in thy wonders' might as clear to see
 As when within the shrine I looked for thee.
Who shall not fear thee ? Lo ! upon their shoulders
 Thy yoke divinely dread !
Who shall forbear to cry to thee, that givest
 To all their daily bread ?

And can the Lord God truly—
God, the Most High—dwell here within man's breast ?
 What shall he answer, pondering—
Man, whose foundations in the dust do rest ?
 For thou art holy, dwelling 'mid the praise
 Of them who waft thee worship all their days.
Angels adoring, singing of thy wonder,
 Stand upon heaven's height ;
And thou, enthroned o'erhead, all things upholdest
 With everlasting might.

NINA DAVIS.